eate it.

Prince Thats to make him eate twenty of his words,but do you vſe me, thus Ned? muſt I marrie your ſiſter?

Poynes God ſend the wench no worſe fortune, but I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prince Wel,thus we play the fooles with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yea my Lord.

Prince Where ſups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place,my lord,in Eaſtcheape.

Prince VVhat companie?

Boy Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Boy None my lord,but old miſtris Quickly,and miſtris Dol Tere-ſheet.

Prince VVhat Pagan may that be?

Boy A proper gentlewoman ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſters.

Prince Euen ſuch kinne as the pariſh Heicfors are to the towne bull, ſhall we ſteale vpon them Ned at ſupper?

Poynes I am your ſhadow my Lord,ile follow you.

Prince Sirra,you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your maſter that I am yet come to towne;theres for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue ſir.

Boy And for mine ſir,I will gouerne it.

Prince Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-ſheete ſhould be ſome rode.

Poyns I warrant you, as common as the way between S.Albons and London.

Prince How might we ſee Falſtaffe beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poynes Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince From a god to a bul,a heauy deſcenſion,it was Ioues caſe

caſe,from a pince to a prentiſe, a low transformation,that ſhal be mine, for in enery thing the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly,follow me Ned. *exeunt.*

Enter Northumberland his wife,and the wife to Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troubleſome.

Wife I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeake no more,
Do what you wil, your wiſedome be your guide.

North. Alas ſweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
And but my going,nothing can redeeme it.

Kate O yet for Gods ſake, go not to theſe wars,
The time was father,that you broke your word,
When you were more endeere to it then now,
When your owne Percie,when my hearts deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke,to ſee his father
Bring vp his powers,but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honors loſt,yours,and your ſonnes,
For yours,the God of heauen brighten it,
For his,it ſtucke vpon him as the ſunne
In the grey vault of heauen,and by his light
Did all the Cheualry of England moue
To do braue acts,he was indeede the glaſſe
Wherein the noble youth did dreſſe themſelues.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Faire daughter,you do draw my ſpirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouerſights,
But I muſt go and meete with danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in an other place,
And find me worſe prouided.

Wife O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

Kate If they get ground and vantage of the King,